TINTAGEL.

Low is laid Arthur's head,
Unknown earth above him mounted;
By him sleep his splendid knights,
With whose names the world resounded.
Ruined glories! flown delights!
Sunk 'mid rumors of old wars!
Where they reveled, deep they sleep,
By the wild Atlantic shores.

On Tintagel's fortressed walls,
Proudly built, the loud sea scorning,
Pale the moving moonlight falls:
Through their rents the wind goes mourning.
See, ye knights, your ancient home,
Chafed and spoiled and fallen asunder!
Hear ye now, as then of old,
Waters rolled and wrathful foam,
Where the waves, beneath your graves,
Snow themselves abroad in thunder!
—Laurence Binyon in London Academy.

IT IS FINISHED.

President-Elect Cleveland Has Secured His Official Family.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Feb 22.—Mr. Cleveland announced this evening that he had completed his Cabinet by the selection of Richard Olney, of Boston, for Attorney General, and Hilary A. Herbert, of Alabama, for Secretary of the Navy. The completed Cabinet is as follows, and it is understood they have all accepted:

Secretary of State—Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana.
Secretry of the Treasury—John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky.
Secretary of War—Daniel S. Lamont, of New York
Secretary of the Navy—Hilary A. Herbert, of Alabama.
Secretary of the Interior—Hoke Smith, of Georgia.
Secretary of Agriculture—J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska.
Postmaster General—Wilson S. Bissell, of New York.
Attorney General—Richard Olney. of Massachusetts.

The Division of Time.

The division of time into hours was practiced among the Babylonians from remote antiquity, but it was Hipparchus, the philosopher, who introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. The sexagesimal system of notation was chosen by that ancient people because there is no number having so many divisions as sixty. The Babylonians divided the daily journey of the sun, the ruler of the day, into twenty-four parasangs. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes, and that again into sixty seconds. They compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker in the same period of time, both covering one parasang, and the course of the sun during the full equinoctial day was fixed at twenty-four parasangs.—London Tit Bits.

The Value of the Ruby.

The ruby is valued highest when it contains the least azure. The largest ruby that history speaks of belonged to Elizabeth of Austria, the wife of Charles IX. It was almost as big as a hen's egg. The virtues attributed to rubies are to banish sadness, to repress luxury and to drive away annoying thoughts. At the same time it symbolizes cruelty, anger and carnage, as well as boldness and bravery. A change in its color announces a calamity, but when the trouble is over it regains its primitive luster.—Paris Figaro.

MEETING A POET.

I was busy one bright September morning packing my trunks for my fall removal from my uncle's house in the country to the marble fronted hotel on Broadway that numbered me each winter among its inmates, when my cousin Adelaide came dancing into the room and commanded me to give up all thoughts of a journey for three months at least.

"And why, pray?" I asked. "You know I have to go out west after I reach New York. Come what may, I must see an Indian summer on the prairies."

"Bother the prairies and the Indian summer, too!" cried Adelaide, taking a letter from her apron pocket and waving it in the air. "Look at the signature."

I did look, and I might have been looking to this day for all the information I got; but Adelaide grew impatient, and snatching the letter from my hand exclaimed:

"Listen, you goose," and read the letter aloud:

"'MY DEAR FRIEND—I am coming into the country for a month or two; my doctor positively forbids my staying in New York during the fall. Remembering our old schoolboy league I have selected W—— as the place of my exile, and shall be there on the 20th—wind and weather permitting.'"

"What do you think of that?" asked Adelaide, making large eyes at me over the top of the letter.

"I have not heard anything yet to make me postpone my journey."

"Wait a moment—I'll finish. 'I am, as ever, yours faithfully'"——

"Well, go on."

"'James Quitman.'"

"James Quitman! You are mad, Addie—he can never be coming here."

"There is the letter—father has always known him, it seems; it is the poet, and we are to have him stay here all the time. Father is to meet him at the station tonight, and not let him go to the hotel on any account. Won't people stare when we walk into church next Sunday?"

I closed the lid of my trunk in the twinkling of an eye. The poet I had so often longed to see, the man over whose tender verses I had made myself a Niobe scores of times—was it possible that the same roof was going to shelter us both?

Dinner was a thing unthought of in the house that day, and my uncle lunched meekly at one of the china closets off cold meat and bread and preserved strawberries, while Addie and I actually ate rose leaves and sugar and cream as a suitable pendant to the work in which we were engaged. Nothing less ethereal would we partake while fitting up that poet's chamber.

By 4 o'clock that afternoon our labors were ended. The house was like a bed of roses; they blushed and bloomed everywhere, and their fragrance was delicious in the upper chamber. My favorite pictures had been unpacked and arranged upon the parlor walls. Everything was perfect. The tea table sparkled with silver and cut glass; flowers wreathed the dishes of preserved fruit, and cake and wine for the evening were ready on the sideboard, to say nothing of some delicately tinted ice cream which was still undergoing the process of "freezation" in the cellar.

Of course the train was late that night. Trains always are late when we are expecting any one by them, and Addie and I had time to work ourselves into a feverish state that gave us some very becoming red cheeks. We heard the whistle of the train, and five minutes afterward a carriage stopped before the gate. The poet had come!

He climbed out of the carriage like a crab—sidewise—and, coming up the graveled walk toward the front door, presented to our admiring eyes the figure of a stoutish, middle aged man, with dark eyes and hair and a very pleasant smile. He did not wear a Spanish cloak and a sombrero—he was clad in linen garments and thatched with a rough looking straw hat that had evidently seen service. We heard him as he came up the walk.

"Very pretty house, Tom; very pretty house. Those girls your daughters, hey? I see they've got those horrid city fashions—low neck and short sleeves. If I had a daughter I'd sew her dress to her ears."

Addie and I looked at each other in consternation and barely managed to give him a civil greeting as he crossed the threshold. Was this the man who had raved about his Lydia——

That bosom, white and fond and fair,
I would I were the enamored air,
To faint and fall in passing there.

Low necks, indeed! I sat beside him at the tea table, as had been previously arranged, and saw that all things were within his reach. Never did Hindoo idol tax his votary more severely. I had hardly time to snatch a mouthful myself—though, for the matter of that, his appetite quite took away my own. He was a regular Dr. Johnson for tea—strawberry preserves pleased him, and soda biscuits vanished before his attack as green things before the march of a cloud of locusts. Heaven knows he had one qualification—a stomach!

Tea over, we adjourned to the rose scented parlors, and the volume on the center table caught his eye. He took it up, turned over the pages, laughing now and then to himself, and finally tossed it back carelessly.

"The unconsciousness of genius!" whispered Addie in my ear, just as he turned upon us.

"Who owns this book?"

I modestly answered that I had that great pleasure.

"Great pleasure, hey? She calls it a pleasure, Tom! Hem! I suppose I ought to feel complimented; but I don't. Young lady, will you do me one favor?"

"What is it, sir?"

"Put that stupid trash into the fire."

"Stupid trash!" cried Addie, aghast, snatching up the volume.

"Yes, I wrote it. I was a boy—and, by George, my publishers took it out of my desk and went mad over it, while they actually turned up their noses at my report of the poor laws—would you believe it?"

My uncle looked sympathizing. Addie arranged the ice cream glasses before him without a word.

"But, sir, look at the fame you have won," I remarked.

"Hem! fame—it's a rag fluttering on a bush; I wouldn't give a button for it. Five thousand dollars a year will keep you well clothed and well fed—fame won't."

He helped himself to an ice.

There was no reply. The two gentlemen resumed their political discussion, waxing so warm in the defense of their favorite views that they were in a fair way to clear the tray between them. Addie caught up the contemned volume of poems and vanished from the room. I followed her. She fled up the stairs like a fairy, and I found her in the poet's chamber, stripping the roses from the vases with frantic haste.

"What on earth are you about?" I asked, halting on the threshold in amazement.

"He shall not have one of them," she said, half crying. "His curtains shall not be looped up with them—I have a great mind to tie them back with rope yarn. To think how we worked all the day to give him pleasure, and after all he only cares about eating and drinking, and being an alderman. Oh, it is too bad!"

I burst out laughing and ran down stairs. The contrast between our dreams of the poet and the poet as he was was rich. I had to wait a moment in the hall to get my face into "company order," and then, pushing open the half closed door, I went back into the parlor

At first sight I thought it was empty. The chairs were pushed away from the table, and there was a faint smell of cigars—had they actually been smoking there? No; I heard my uncle pacing up and down the garden, as was his wont each evening, and the fragrance of the weed came that way, but he was alone. Where was the poet?

I caught sight of him at last, sitting at the open window with the rose colored curtains falling in soft folds around him. The moon was up, shining gloriously upon the grassy yard beneath him; the night wind rustled in the leaves of the maples above his head. Addie, coming into the room, paused at the sight of my uplifted finger on the threshold.

It had been all a "sham" then! Our poet, though a hearty eater, still retained his love of the beautiful. What on earth had made him talk such heresy, when he sat rapped in enjoyment, never stirring, scarcely breathing, as he watched that glorious moon? I would steal softly to his side, pause, try to convict him and make him recant all the fibs he had told about these beautiful blossomings of his youth—the poems.

The carpet was thick and soft, and it muffled my footfall effectually, and I stood beside him unnoticed. His face was hidden by his arm. I heard a choking sound—he was weeping. My heart melted in a gush of pity; I laid my hand upon his shoulder as sympathizingly as I could; he started a little; his head settled down upon one side, exposing his face; the mouth opened, and—he snored!